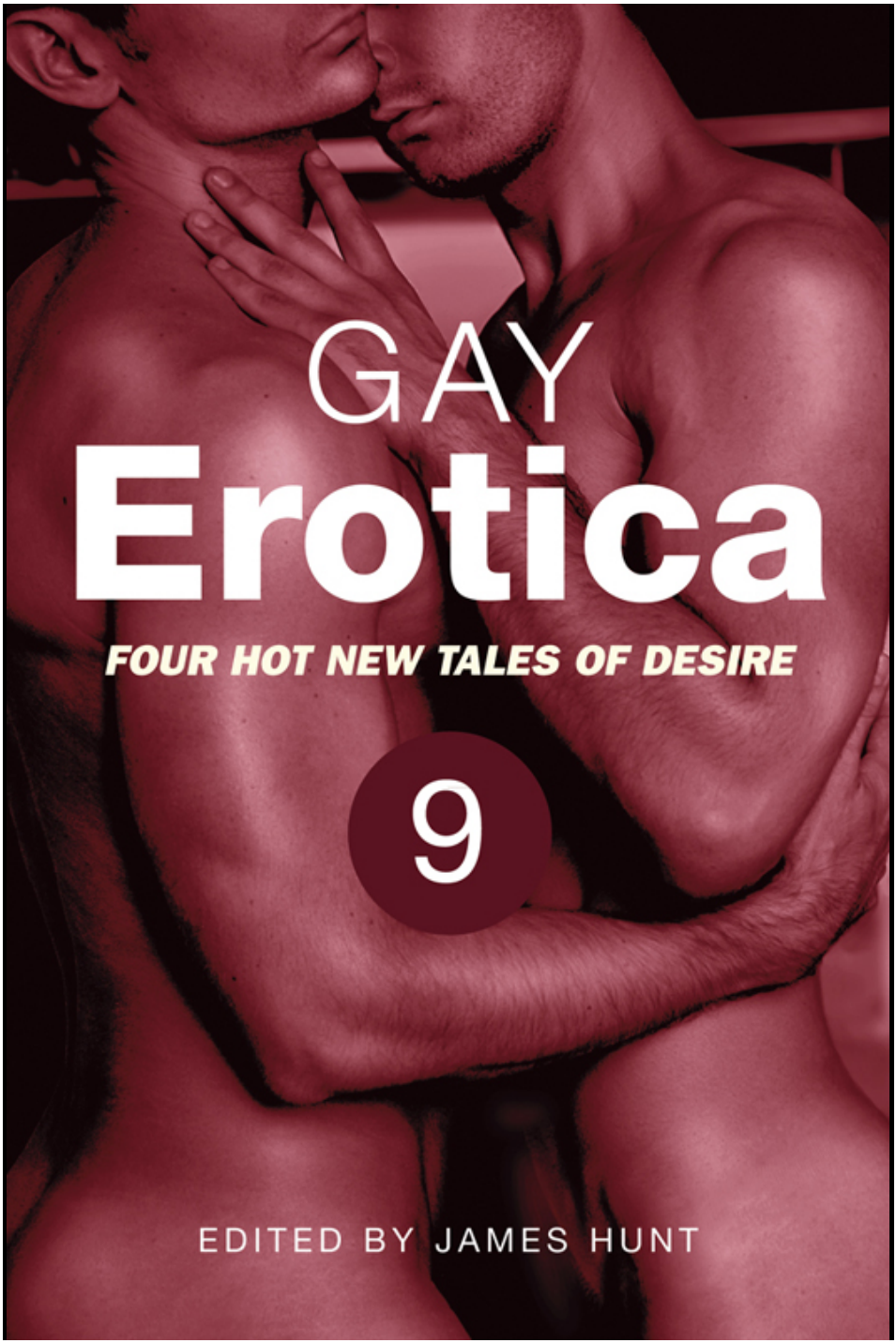
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Gay EROTICA

Volume 9

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James Hunt

Constable & Robinson Ltd
55–56 Russell Square
London WC1B 4HP
www.constablerobinson.com

First published in the UK by Robinson,
an imprint of Constable & Robinson Ltd., 2012

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ISBN 978 1 78033 853 8 (ebook)
V.I.P

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A BACKHANDED KIND OF BUSINESS

Landon Dixon

Six months in Hollywood and my goose looked cooked. I'd sunk about as low as a man can go without strapping a mattress to his back. I was dressing up like a bunny, serving slop at a Long Beach drive-in as a car "hop". I had my suitcase packed, the bus schedule back to Kansas memorized.

But I still kept calling into Central Casting every day, hoping against hope for some "extra" work. And I kept getting the same response, "Nothing". I could've strangled that dame with my phone cord. But I would've been at the back of that line-up, too. The end of the war had flooded Tinseltown with hunky ex-GIs looking for the easy life depicted on film.

So, when my room-mate told me about a file clerk job at Western Pictures, I jumped at it like it was a car horn, figuring this was my last chance.

"You'll be working for Mr Mullen," the wooden-faced hag of an office manager, Mrs Kleinsasser, told me.

I could've kissed the splinters out of the old bat's face.

Bryce Mullen was a tall, distinguished-looking gent of around thirty-five. He had a silver-screen profile and brilliantine hair and cold, dark eyes, a slim, well-proportioned body that seldom stooped down to the level of his office staff. He was a big-shot producer at the low-budget studio.

I seldom saw the guy, except when he made his grand entrance to his office in the morning. And most of what I saw of the movie business was from sneaking around backlots and sound stages during my lunch breaks.

But what I saw flushed the last of my illusions down the drain. The sets were just as phoney as the people, the people a mess of neuroses and egos and raging superiority/sycophant complexes. This was Hollywood behind the scenes, and it wasn't pretty – the plywood and papier mâché was showing, and everybody in the business seemed just as fragile.

I was sitting in the studio cafeteria one day with one of the typewriter slaves, when Mrs Kleinsasser suddenly cast an ugly shadow over our lunch. "Mr Mullen wants to see you in his office – immediately, Mr Logan." She arched an eyebrow that hadn't seen plucking since the Silent Era, cuing me to big trouble.

"You fancy yourself a screenwriter, Logan?" Mr Mullen bellowed as soon as I slunk through his door.

He was ensconced in an English leather chair behind a polo-field-sized desk, holding a story scenario in his hand. I recognized it as *Midwest Meets East*, the screwball comedy I'd taken the initiative in appending a sheet of story suggestions to,

facts about the people and places.

I stared down at the plush carpeting and mumbled, "I was just trying to be helpful."

He tossed his aristocratic head. "Mr Logan, if I want your contribution on a project, I'll get one of my flunkies to ask for it. And you can be damn sure I won't—"

Just then leading lady Iris LaRose and her personal director, Sy Freelinger, marched into the office with a list of demands regarding *Wide Open Skies*, an oater Miss LaRose was currently co-starring in, sparing my fate for ten minutes and stirring Mr Mullen into more of a snitty rage. He paced back and forth behind his desk with theatrical precision after the pair had departed.

Then he remembered me and charged. "You're still here? You're fired! Get out!" He spun around, giving me both cold shoulders.

I smacked his ass.

He jerked up against his desk. His head turned almost completely around to look back at me. "What do you—"

"That's what my mother back on our Kansas farm used to do whenever one of us kids behaved like a spoiled brat." I was good and fed up with the whole rotten deal. "And you can stick that in your movie and film it!"

"I don't ever want to—"

I smacked his tight little butt again, and he jumped again. "That goes double for me. I'm leaving this laughing academy. You people are screwier than a hardware store, just as dull underneath."

His face reddened, his buttocks loosening under the hand-woven material of his pants. "Do that again."

"I said—"

"Don't *say* it again! *Do* it again!"

"With pleasure!" I swatted Bryce Mullen's impudent rear end with my open palm a third time. His cheeks rippled.

"Again!"

I moved closer, getting wise. He was breathing like a steam engine, his slender body trembling. Vulnerable like that, with his mannerisms dropped and emotions showing, he wasn't such a bad guy, for a pervert. I whacked his ass, hardest of all this time.

He was jolted from the tips of his leather-tooled shoes to the top of his twenty-dollar haircut, and he gasped like a little girl.

I shook my blond curls, still angry, but now just a little turned on. Nothing surprised me in this place. I smacked Bryce's bum, shivering his posterior and attachments, making him sigh.

He gripped the edge of his desk and arched his back and pushed his butt out at me. "Punish me! Discipline me!" he hissed. "I need a strong hand."

What he needed was years of psychotherapy or two weeks in a flophouse to straighten out his twisted values. But all he had was me and my avenging hand, and his bum was neat and trim and rounded just right. I licked my lips and slammed his behind.

"Yes! That's it!" he rasped.

"Quiet!" I snapped back, my face gone as red as his, my body quivering the same.

I was in control now, and I didn't want any back talk, just the dirty talk I was giving to his backside. I spanked his ass, rocking him, really flailing his cheeks to the

point where they gyrated nonstop.

"Take down your pants!" I ordered.

He obeyed as quick as a whip. The emperor had no clothes on his lower half. His smooth, double-humped bottom blushed crimson where I'd hit it. I touched the heated skin, and we both gasped.

Then I raised my hand to the rafters and whistled it down onto his bare bum. The crack of our flesh, the shriek of our voices, blasted the crackling air apart.

"Yes! Spank me!" Bryce cried, his voice flaring like his butt.

"Shut up!" I retaliated, really getting into my role, crashing my hand down across his pert, proud buttocks again and again.

The palm of my paddling hand flamed up to the inferno temperature of Bryce's cheeks, as I whaled his bottom, fanning the fire in both of us. I was consumed by something wild and weird and wonderful: maybe the feeling of power, after getting shoved around for so long; maybe something deeper and more depraved, after denying my basic instincts for so long.

Either way, Bryce Mullen, big-shot movie executive, was on the receiving end of my proletarian rage. And he reveled in it, roiled with it, getting the heavy hand he so richly deserved and needed. His bum burned brick red to my beating tempo, and he moaned and groaned like he was going to shoot the works. The selfish bastard!

"On the couch! Over my knees!" I yelled.

Like all Hollywood bigwigs, Bryce had a deep leather couch in his office, for casting purposes more than resting purposes. He and I tottered over to it. I unfastened my belt, pulled it out of the loops, let my pants drop down like Bryce's eyes following them. He stared at my hard-on. I was aroused out to full length, pulsating with an excitement usually reserved for Errol Flynn opening nights.

I sat down on the edge of the sofa, beckoned at Bryce and the big, long cock jutting out from his loins. He instantly draped himself over my knees, sinking my bare bottom into the cool leather, his hot, hard prick into my soft thighs and hard cock.

I looked down at his beaten bum, enjoying the view, the feel of our dicks pressing together. Then I beat his ass some more, with the belt. I flailed the flushed, trembling cheeks with renewed strength and urgency and purpose. He whimpered, his body jumping with each stinging lash, his cock throbbing into my pulsing cock.

I shimmered with tingling heat, making me dizzy, making me deranged. The crack of my belt on Bryce's bare bottom sang out in the stifling office, the man's padded back-end getting ravaged with pleasure and pain. I felt the pleasure, as well, all through me, the only pain the cramping in my arm from cracking the whip so harshly.

Bryce's cheeks whitened with numbness under my blasting belt, the skin losing its elasticity, gaining ridges. I could hardly believe he could take it, but he kept moaning for more. Until he was just moaning, his body jerking with more than my blows.

He groaned low and long, and I felt his cock spasm against my cock, heated sperm spurt onto my quivering thighs. He wasn't going to get off that easy.

I bounced up onto my feet, bumping the shuddering man off my knees and onto his feet. His cock stopped shooting, just leaking some semen from the gaping slit on his swollen purple knob, his eyes leaking tears as he stared at me. I let him simmer down for a moment, then grinned, gripped his dick, basted my hand in some of the sperm that he'd spilled. Then my cock.

His eyes shone, glistening with heartfelt joy and anticipation. He knew what the third act was going to feature. But I was still directing things on my terms.

I pushed him up against his desk. He grasped the edge, stuck his bum out at me. I got in close behind, whacked my slickened dick against one of his wounded buttocks.

"Yes! Sweet Jesus, yes!" he cried, hamming it up to the hilt.

The ravaged skin on his butt cheeks was rippling with genuine emotion, however, as I slammed my log into one, the other. I patty-caked his ass with my cock.

Then I speared the slick stick in between Bryce's quivering legs, up in between his quivering cheeks, caressing his crack with my hood, basting it with some of his hot sauce at the same time. The man's bum cleavage was just as silky smooth as the rest of him. He could be a real arrogant ass, all right, but he had the plush derrière to back it up. I shivered with my own raw emotions, gliding my cockhead up and down in his hot velvet crack.

"Fuck me! Stick your cock in my ass and fuck me!"

His plea for anal fulfilment was registered three studios over. But I hadn't called for any dialogue.

So I took a step back and smacked his butt with a bladed hand. "I'm calling the shots now!" I reminded him. "This is a Logan production!" I ranted. The power had gone to my head, both of them, the hot blood pounding in the pair.

I took a step closer, gripped my gleaming cock again, and pushed the swelled-up tip between Bryce's buttocks. I hit pucker, and we both groaned. I gritted my teeth and got a second grip on one of the guy's legs, pushed harder with my prick. My meaty hood mushroomed his starfish, sank in.

He clamped down tight on my cap with his ring. I thrust hard, thrust deep, shot shaft into his anus, inch after bloated, beating inch, filling the man's rectum, sticking and stretching his chute. It was a scintillating collaboration worthy of an Academy Award.

My thighs kissed up against Bryce's backside, balls pressing tight, cock fully buried. I let him feel the depths of his, and my, depravity, rutting around in his anus. His passion pit of an ass squeezed me in fiery heat, blazing up from my cock and sweeping through the rest of my body. He shook out of control on the end of my prick, buttocks gyrating all on their own.

I smacked his right cheek, his left, pumping my hips, fucking his ass. It was almost as tough as walking and chewing gum at the same time, only far more pleasurable, and physical. I spanked Bryce's rump with both of my hands, stuffing his chute with my cock.

He arched his back, his manicured fingernails tearing splinters out of his mahogany desk. His seat cushions clasped my cock tightly, rippling wildly with the beat of my thighs and palms. Sweat prickled my brow and stung my eyes, as I upped the pounding tempo still more, whacking ass harder, fucking ass faster.

Bryce wrenched a hand out of the wood and grabbed onto *his* wood, fisted in rhythm to the torrid pace I was exacting on and in his bum. He twisted his head around and stared at me, imploring with his glazed eyes for me to pour on the pain, the punishment, the nut-busting, chute-reaming pressure. I gave him that much, dishing out even more of my frustration onto his butt cheeks, hammering my angry cock into his soft, greedy anus.

"We're reaching the climax of the story!" I rasped. "The climax!"

It wasn't the best line I'd ever ad-libbed, but it captured the moment perfectly.

Bryce loved it. His body jerked, repeatedly, jolted by full-blown, ass-busted orgasm. He didn't take his swimming eyes off me, as he striped his blotter with jet after jet of hand-cranked jism, applauding my anal efforts.

My own balls boiled, my body temperature soaring to fever pitch. I crashed my hands into Bryce's buttocks, banging out a frenzied bongo beat, pile-driving cock into his chute. I could feel his spasms of utter, excruciating joy, his ass muscles squeezing my pistoning rod even harder.

There was one final act of humiliation, however, myself cast in the starring role yet again. I yanked my thundering cock out of Bryce's ass and yelled at the man to fall to his knees.

He dropped his still spurting dick and spun around and hit the carpet on his knees at my dong, right on cue. I opened my mouth, he opened his. I speared my cock into his gaping maw, going as deep into this end as I had at the other.

He grasped my hips and frantically bobbed his head back and forth, chewing up the scenery and my cock. He took me into his mouth and throat and back out again, lips sealed tight to shaft, facial cheeks billowing and bulging. The sucking pressure was enormous, the heat and damp exquisite. The man had obviously swallowed a lot in his days at the studio, my cock just the latest.

I blazed with passion, balls bubbling furiously, prick wetvacced beyond the point of no return. Then I felt nothing, but total, triumphant bliss.

I ascended to the heavens on white puffy clouds, propelled up and away by burst after burst of liquid ecstasy. My mind detached from my burning body, blown sky-high. The stuff that wet dreams are made of.

Bryce gobbled up and gulped down everything I had to give him, and then some.

I was promoted from file clerk to head story editor that same afternoon. A real Tinseltown success story – a star-struck Midwestern boy who struck out on his own, and then out at others, and got all he desired.

Bryce will sometimes butt in during one of my story conferences. But I just have to hold up my hand, and I get my way.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Landon Dixon

I shoved the empty plate back, popped another notch on my belt. “My compliments to the chef – as always,” I said, grinning and waving at the dark, pretty face smiling back at me from the food slot in the wall.

Lionel cooked a hell of a steak, had a hell of a beefsteak hung in between his legs. He gestured at me with his greasy spatula, licking his plush lips with a neon-pink tongue. But I didn’t have time for dessert, not this time. I was already behind schedule.

So I spilled some money out on the counter and swung around in my stool and ambled for the door of the truck stop. I’d have to find another way to work off that meal, maybe further down the road.

Out in the parking lot, I checked the padlocks and seal on the rear doors of the trailer. Everything was just as tight as Lionel’s ass. I was hauling a load of furs, so I wanted to be sure.

Sure, I climbed into the cab of the tractor and keyed the engine to roaring life. I shifted into gear and rumbled out of the parking lot, onto the highway. Traffic was light, this stretch of rural road through the prairies not very heavily traveled. Just the swaying stalks of corn and sunflowers on either side of the asphalt ribbon to keep me company, as I punched the pedal and gave her gas, shifted up to hauling-ass speed.

You get tired on the road, bored, especially after a heavy meal and a put-off cock-stop with one of your route regulars. So I popped the tab on an energy drink and guzzled, punched up some porn on my dashboard-mounted computer.

It broke every rule in the book, as I broke out my hard-on to keep stroking time to the two guys fucking on-screen. But a man on the road sometimes has to live by his own rules, to avoid that white line fever running him right off the track.

It was my favorite scene download – a young blond guy getting “seduced” by a handsome, smooth-talking, silver-haired jackal. The blond beauty had just taken a dip in the old man’s pool, and now he was toweling his buff, bronze body off. Then the silver fox suddenly slid the guy’s Speedos down from behind.

The kid looked around, his big brown eyes gone wide, plush red lips parting in a gasp of protest to reveal succulent pink tongue. The sugar daddy comfortingly wrapped his arms around the blond from behind, grasping smooth, humped pec and chocolate-dark nipple with one hand, smooth, outstretched, tan cock with the other.

The older man was naked, as well, his body lean and tanned and shaved smooth, remarkably wrinkle-free, his huge hard-on pressing in between the younger man’s petulant butt cheeks, pumping. The blond moaned now, tilting his head back on

Daddy's shoulder, surrendering to his sensuous gay nature, to the other man's beating need that would not be denied.

I just knew the kid was going to get his ass blasted by that fox.

But then my dick froze in my hand, as I shot a quick glance up onto the open road. There was a man standing on the yellow gravel edge of the highway, about a hundred feet ahead and closing fast. An erection was sticking out of the front of his jeans. I just about jackknifed the big rig.

I'd thought I'd seen it all, after twenty years of towing freight on the highways and byways. But this was a new one – a hitchhiker eschewing his thumb for his dick. He had me sold.

I tucked my cock back into my pants and pumped the air brakes. I slewed all eighteen wheels over to the shoulder of the road, eyes glued to that beckoning hard-on. I came to humping stop about ten feet in front of the man and his roadside attraction. He grinned and waved. His cock bobbed delightfully in the baking sun, as he bounded over to the tractor and climbed up into the cab.

"Hi, I'm Adam! Thanks for stopping!"

He was blond and brown, no more than twenty. His wide blue eyes twinkled in his boyishly handsome face, his smooth, bronzed arms flowing like sweet caramel out of the sleeves of his tight white T-shirt. His faded blue jeans were tight, too, spray-painted onto his shapely long legs and mounded butt. His cock beamed up at me from between his legs, hard and happy as mine was throbbing away in my pants.

"That's . . . quite an unusual way you have of flagging folks down," I commented, throat cracking dry with the young hunk so close and confined in my cab. His cock stretched up more than eight inches, slick-shafted and curve-headed, cut and clean just the way I like them.

"Yeah, well, desperate times call for desperate measures," he responded with a laugh. "No one was stopping for me. So I had to find some other way to attract attention, other than my thumb." He looked down at the huge hump bulging the crotch of my workpants. "Guess I got your attention?"

I nodded, swallowed. "Travelin' light but packin' heavy, huh?" He didn't have a bag or a backpack, just the beef.

"Best way to ride, I find." He reached over and ran my straining zipper down over my hard-on, pulled the pulsating appendage right out into the stuffy air with his hot clutching hand.

"Yeah!" I grunted, reveling in the soft heated swirl of his palm on my prick. I shifted into gear, muscled the rig back onto the road, miles to go and schedules to keep, Adam stroking my dong to ensure I didn't sleep.

"God, you're huge!" he kindly marveled, tugging me out to my full seven pressure-inflated inches with his pulling hand.

I grinned, gripping the wheel, watching, feeling him stroke. I was old enough to be the boy's dad, but I was still a sucker for compliments. He moved closer, giving me some wrist action with his right hand now, torquing my shaft, twirling his long slender fingers over my hood. Then he proved he was a sucker, too, by dipping his sunny blond head down and pouring his pouty red lips over my cap.

"Fuck!" I growled, bucking up into the boy's baby-wet mouth.

He rolled his sky-blue eyes up at me, batted his long lashes, lips sealing tight round my knob. Then he sank his head lower, slowly, his mouth widening and lips stretching, consuming my granite-hard prong.

I jerked the drifting rig back onto the road, caught a honk and an obscene hand gesture from a vanload of nuns heading the other way. But God herself couldn't stop or slow me down now, or that gorgeous blond inhaling my pipe.

Adam didn't brake until his lips kissed my pants. His cheeks and throat bulged with dong, face stuffed. Then he grinned, so help me, winked, slithered out his tongue and wormed wetly at my balls.

I smacked the airhorn with applause. He pulled up, slowly as he'd poured down, inches of gleaming, straining hard shaft oozing out from between his tight-sucking lips. He stopped the dizzying ascent at my cap, biting into the meaty knob, pumping hot humid air out of his nostrils and gazing at me.

My legs quivered, foot jumping on the gas, rig along with it, face bleeding sweat and blazing lust, as Adam dropped back down, pulled back up, sensually sucking on my prick. It was all I could do to keep one eye on the road and two on the cocksucker.

Fortunately, that stretch of highway was as flat and straight as most of the farmers who ploughed either side. Unfortunately, I'd been highballin' a long time between spit stops, had plenty of pent-up gas in the tanks. Adam's soulful deep-throating was making my wheels wobble, my paint peel off.

He sensed it, and sucked harder, faster. His head flew up and down in my lap, blond hair a blur. My groin was bathed in blistering, ball-rupturing heat, my cock a molten steel rod blown out of all proportion by the kid's velvety mouth and tongue and lips.

"Droppin' a load!" I bellowed, shaking, breaking.

My foot trod flat on the gas pedal, the rig shooting forward, as my spit-drizzled balls exploded, mouth-embedded cock blowing wild. I bucked up and down on the smooth stretch of highway, spraying the back of Adam's throat, spouting jet after jet into his mouth.

He didn't stop sucking, started swallowing. He bobbed his head up and down as before, in rhythm to his Adam's apple now, vaccing the hot, salty jizz right out of my hose. I shook, rattled, and rolled, spurting joy-juice, the kid draining my system dry.

Twenty miles further down the highway, when he said, "Hey, let's stop for that guy. Two's good company, but three's a threesome." Who was I to argue with him? He'd proved his roadworthiness.

The new guy was just as young as Adam, built along the same sleek, streamlined lines. His name was Brian. He had short, silky black hair and light-brown eyes, a handsome, suntanned face with a cleft chin ornament. He was wearing tight blue jeans and white T-shirt, carrying a gym bag in his right hand. He'd had his thumb out, not his dick, but that soon changed.

"Hop in!" I called across Adam, after he'd popped the door open.

But the blond had a better idea. "Why don't we all go in the back, where there's more room – to get better acquainted?" He gestured with his head at the company trailer hooked up to my tractor.

I was suddenly wary. "Well, uh, I've got a schedule to keep and—"

"I'm game, if you guys are," Brian piped up, clinging to the door and the side of the cab, smiling warm and inviting at Adam and me.

Hell, there have to be more benefits to pushing a rig than on-time delivery.

I sprang the locks open on the trailer doors, the seal, invited the boys to step into my back room. And there was room, in between the crates of furs, an aisle that I

quickly carpeted with some extra rubber pads lying around. Then, as Brian and Adam started stripping off their clothes, I took a last look out the rear doors, at the deserted stretch of flat-top. Then I sealed things up nice and tight again, with me and the nice and tight boys inside.

I lit a lantern, hung it from an overhead hook. The warm yellow glow made everything nice and cosy, provided ample illumination for the spectacular strip-and-sex show the two young men treated me to. I just stood there rubbing my re-aroused hard-on in my pants, watching Adam and Brian peel off their T-shirts, kick off their shoes and pull off their jeans.

The boys hadn't packed underwear. Their cocks stood out high and hard from their shaved loins. It was enough to make a middle-aged man's mouth water and slit drip, which it did. I squeezed my dong affectionately, taking in every lean-muscled, sun-kissed lithe inch of the men's gleaming brown torsos and arms and legs, every bloated millimeter of their cocks.

They embraced, kissed, their soft, wet lips pressing passionately together, arms clasping nude bodies close, dicks sliding up tight. I unbuckled, unbuttoned and unzipped, drew out my measure of a man and stroked slow and sure, staring at the steamy sex scene – two young studs getting it on nude and lewd. This was exactly the kind of wildlife I loved up in my grill.

Their glistening pink tongues swirled together, entwined, hands clutching bunched shoulder muscles, clenching taut butt cheeks, erections undulating against each other. It was too good just to watch; I joined in. Sex ain't a spectator sport unless you're all by your lonesome, in my logbook.

The boys stripped me clean. Then treated their elder to the erotic. Brian gripped my balls and sucked on my right nipple. Adam grasped my cock and sucked on my left nipple. I hummed like a set of tyres on a straightaway, motor racing.

Adam grabbed onto the back of my head and mashed his mouth against mine, flowered his tongue in between my trembling lips, while Brian dropped to his knees on the padding, in possession of both my cock and balls. He squeezed my sac, sucked on my dick.

The raven-haired guy's mouth was just as accommodating and sexually unforgiving as the blond's, his throat just as supple and skilled. He bobbed back and forth, blowing me wet and hot and tight, juggling my nuts like I juggled the cheat sheets.

Heat suffused my quivering body in waves, rising up from my sucked-upon cock and shimmering all through me. I blew hot exhaust in Adam's mouth. He swallowed my groans of pleasure, sucking on my tongue like Brian on my prick.

We shifted gears. I went to the lube, greasing my already spit-slickened dong. Adam and Brian went to the pads, on all fours, presenting their golden bottoms to me in the upraised and stick-it-in position. I smacked their smooth, rounded buns with my stick shift, watching the ripened young flesh ripple, listening to the guys gasp. Then I shot two fingers of both hands into their butt cleavages, scrubbed the silky stretches slippery with lube. They groaned when I pressed fingertips into manholes.

"Fuck us!" Adam pleaded, shuddering his bum at me.

I went full speed, pushing my gleaming cap in between Adam's cheeks and up against his pucker, squishing through, inside. I sank shaft into the kid's superheated anus, spearing two fingers inside Brian's chute and plowing them deep. My balls kissed up to Adam's trembling buttocks, cock buried full-length and throbbing in his

ass; my fingers disappeared up to the hand knuckles in Brian's tunnel, embedded in their entirety.

The guys desperately kissed, frantically flailed their tongues together, as I drilled into their asses, dong and digits. I pumped Adam's sucking chute with my cock, plunged Brian's gripping anus with my fingers, banging off both sets of gyrating cheeks. Then I switched positions, poling Brian's ass, probing Adam's.

I went back and forth, in and out, over and over. Sweat filmed my body and eyes, my blood boiling and body burning and cock singing. The smack of damp flesh against steaming flesh filled the overheated trailer. The two young men could take anything this old road dog could dish out, deep and passionately, dish it right back with the thrust of their golden buttocks, the clench of their ass muscles.

"Fuck! Jesus! I'm coming!" I hollered, pistoning Adam's butt with my cock, sawing Brian's butt with my fingers.

My body burst with pleasure and my brain exploded. I blasted searing ecstasy into Adam, yanked out and plugged into Brian, spouted more brutal joy. I poured out my scorching lust into both men's anuses, flooding them, filling them, overflowing with feeling.

Shortly afterwards, Brian pulled a shotgun out of his gym bag and pointed it at me. "Hand over the keys, old man," he said.

I gaped, dick hanging deflated.

Adam explained, "I spotted you barreling down the road with my pocket binoculars, stuck my cock out to make you stop. We knew what you were hauling, knew your peccadillo for young men, planned it perfectly so that you picked up both of us without suspecting a thing." He grinned. "You didn't think *you* could ride for free, did you?"

They drove off with my truck and the valuable cargo attached. Not before I hit the tiny transponder on the key ring, however. The Feds had alerted me to the possibility of a hijack, equipped me, and now I alerted them. They'd know the rig was stolen, be able to track it, be waiting for the boys wherever they felt like stopping them and their short-lived reign of highway terror.

Maybe I should've been more careful with the load, saved everyone and the company some trouble. Then again, I'd helped capture the highway robbers. And, more importantly, I wouldn't have been able to drop a couple of my own loads, if I hadn't stopped for a pair of unscheduled pickups.

ACTING QUEER

Landon Dixon

"They're out to out me! You've got to stop it!"

That was a funny thing for him to say, considering he had my balls in his mouth, my cock in his hand.

And he was making good use of the wiener and beans, like he'd cooked up a storm down there many a time before. He sucked my entire sac into his eager young mouth and tugged on it, nice and wet and juicy, using his tongue to juggle my balls like he performed under the big top, as well as the front seat of cars. His warm, soft little palm, meanwhile, glided smoothly up and down my fully extended sexual antenna, tuning me in to sweet delight, showing off his dexterity as well as his sexterity.

His name was Dean Stone, and he made no bones about it (except mine). We'd met at the corner of Figueroa and Sunset as per his phone call and gone for a ride. He'd spilled his concerns, I'd promised to help – for a fee. By then I'd found a quiet parking spot overlooking Griffith Park and the young Hollywood heartthrob, brooding he-man of the silver screen, had gotten down and dirty with my rod-and-tackle box, unannounced and uninvited, but certainly not unappreciated.

He was an insatiable man's man, all right, with no compunction about showing it off. He'd liked the cut of my jib in my suit pants and had gone for it with wide eyes and mouth. And that's where his problem lay.

"Mmmm!" I grunted, as Dean disgorged my sopping tight balls and licked up my pulsing hard lollipop.

The note shook in my hand, as I read it a third time: "You like men, don't you? I know, and I'm going to get proof. Watch out!"

It was an odd bit of literature for a blackmail note, seeing as it didn't mention any money, admitted that "proof" of the blackmail was lacking. It was typed on a standard-issue piece of typing paper, the letters clear and dark, corrections and spelling errors none.

Dean intensely slurped up and down my prong, like he was afraid my foreskin would melt in his mouth before he could really inhale it. I was the one melting, though, despite the open windows. The kid fingered my balls like Captain Queeg those steel ones in the recent theatrical release, *The Caine Mutiny*.

I flipped the paper over. There was nothing on the back besides the common watermark. I smelled the paper. No discernible scent. I studied the lettering again.

Dean took one last long, dragging tongue swipe at my shaft, then pulled my stiffy down and popped my hood into his mouth. I groaned and bucked, my bloated knob

finding a warm, wet home in the hunk's succulent kisser. He stared up at me with those crystal-blue eyes that had launched a million bobbysoxer orgasms and housewife hot flashes.

His mouth dropped lower, his red pouty lips sliding down my shaft, gobbling up manhood like some spoilsport was accusing him of lacking. He gripped my dick at the base in one hot little hand, other hand snaking charmingly up and under my shirt to play with my shimmering nipples.

I glanced back at the blackmail note, noticed by careful squinting that the period at the end of the middle sentence seemed just a little higher than perfectly level with the dots on the other punctuation marks. I'd have to measure more accurately with a ruler back at the office.

But right then, Dean had gotten the full measure of this man. He'd swallowed me up to the hilt, his stretched lips kissing his gripping fist. He had me locked down mouth and throat inside of him, and I throbbed with the kind of sweaty, electric excitement normally seen at one of the guy's premieres.

I dashboarded the demand note, giving Dean's stunning performance my full attention. His eyes twinkled with tears of effort, his pretty face flushed red, hot breath blowing from his nostrils all over my groin; my seven inches of man-meat heartily consumed by the lad. I stroked his fine, blond hair, my other buzzing nipple on the hot seat, the young man baking my dick, bathing me in delight.

Out of the corner of one dazzled eye I spotted a cop at the far end of the parking lot, strolling along, swinging a baton. I pulled Dean's head up, pushed it back down, getting him really going on my cock. He excitedly sucked like he'd been born with a silver dildo in his mouth.

The sun beat down on the roof of my jalopy, the action inside a thousand times more scorching. Dean bobbed his head in my lap, leaning over on the seat, lips tugging, tongue buffing, mouth sucking and sucking and sucking. He was a wet-vac in cuffed jeans and white T-shirt. The harness bull ambled nearer, maybe picking up the scent of pre-come in the superheated air.

"Yeah, baby, suck it!" I hissed, like I had to give the throaty thespian any encouragement. If he exhibited this kind of cocky appetite all the time, it was a Miracle on Gower Street that he hadn't been exposed for the homoerotic he was long before.

But as I racked my brains, raked my fingernails through the fellator's hair, I couldn't recall one disparaging dollop of gossip concerning this star's sexual peccadilloes. Either he had one hell of a press agent, or the rumor mills were running off-limits where he was concerned. He bit into my dick at the base, and I shuddered like Zale taking it on the chin from Graziano.

I grabbed up his shell ears, pumped his handsome head. His mouth did the rest, suctioning me senseless. But not blind. The flatfoot was only fifty flat feet away, looking toward us, curiosity broaching his boiled face.

I pumped my hips, along with Dean's matinée-idol mug, needing to blow, and blow bad. He grabbed onto both of my man-tits, pinching and rolling my nipples.

"Yes! Fuck! Yes!" I groaned, thrusting, seething. My balls boiled, my rod roiled.

I slammed back and forth in that wet, bottomless bit of heaven. The car shook, I shook. The cop came closer. I came period.

"Yes! Sweet Jesus, yes!" I wailed, losing control.

I shuddered, and bucked, repeatedly, my tonsil-diving dong erupting, showering

Dean's taste buds with sticky, spicy adulation. I poured out my rapture, and he sucked it all up, swallowed it all down; the spermlight hogging ham.

I just had time to push him aside and punch the starter and back out and away, before the park patrol ran up and booked me and my new favorite actor for indecent exposure, Oscar-worthy suck job.

Inky Duntz was as yellow as a journalist came without actually being tarred and canary-feathered. He was the one-man conspiracy crusade and lie-monger behind *The Peeping John*, the lowest of the muck-dwelling tabloids that were thriving in the filth of fifties Hollywood. If he didn't have the dirt on you, you weren't worth the price of a shovel.

"Hey, hawkshaw!" he greeted me, as I pushed my way into the darkroom in back of his office/domicile. He was up to his hairy elbows in developing fluid.

"Poor Missy Springfield," he chortled, holding up a dripping pic of that same-named young actress snorting something other than snuff. "Rode a white cloud down in Mexico, after another successful abortion."

Inky clipped the incriminating photo to an overhead line that was hung heavy with many other such pics – dirty laundry that would be aired in public; or burned in private, if the right amount of soap greased Inky's soiled palm from the parties concerned.

"Got any good poop on celebrity dopeheads?" he earnestly asked me.

"What's the dope on Dean Stone?" I countered, shriveling my nose to dampen the stench of the hunchbacked gargoyle so close.

He sniffed his pig's snout. "Dean Stone? The All-American Angry Young Adolescent?"

"That's the beau."

Inky uttered not a word more. He let an extended flipper do the talking. It coaxed a pair of sawbucks out of my malnourished wallet.

"I got bubkus on the beefcake. What about you? He a teahead, a nostril jockey, a vein tapper? I'm running a Dope of the Month Club feature in *The Peeping John*. Make it worth your while."

I almost smacked him back into the hole he'd crawled out of. "I'm paying *you* for the dope on the john!" I snarled. "Give me back that—"

He snatched his paw away like he'd been stung with a summons, taking my geetus with it. "I don't got nuthin' personally on the tike, but I know someone who might. Someone who's nursing a grudge the size of Mansfield's knockers against our pussylicious boy."

I glared at the guy. He grinned stumpy brown teeth back at me. I made with a couple more sawbucks.

"Dieter Von Stursenburg."

"The director?"

"None other. Dean stole Dieter's leading lady and love interest, Nancy Mill-Valley, away, and he's been stewing in his beer steins ever since."

Von Stursenburg's career had been on the skids for a while, ever since his ill-fated love letter to the Fatherland had landed like the Hindenburg at the box office back in September 1939, start of the second Great War.

"Nancy Mill-Valley vas going to be my ticket back to the A-list," he grumbled

over the plate of sauerkraut and brat-wurst he'd put on my tab. He clenched his fists, his milky eyes gone stormy. "And then that . . . that Dean Stone come along, and Nancy vet her panties and left me high and dry!"

"Tough," I said, throating a hot dog.

"But I get the last laugh!" Von Stursenburg thundered. "Nancy come to me only last veek, complaining about how Dean is catervauling after every dame in a floozy skirt! Serves the slut right, I tell her!"

"Really?" I choked, that wiener not going down right at all.

"Yes! Yes!" Von Stursenburg grumbled, forking up a heaping mound of sauerkraut for consolation. "But she still von't come back to me. Yet."

"Uh-huh," I concluded, perplexed as a dick-diver at an oyster-eating competition.

I drove over to Dean's palatial estate in the Palisades to have an off-the-record word with the missus, maybe get to the bottom of the case, the short hairs of the issue. Nancy Mill-Valley and my client had married a year or so earlier in the social event of the Hollywood winter season. It had all looked as sugary confectionery as any romance-movie ending, the beautiful, blond, slim-figured, slender-legged leading man and his equally attractive movie-star wife. But based on the BJ I'd been blessed to receive from the Nancy boy, it all seemed strangely surreal now. Not so unusual for La-La Land, as I thought it over.

The servant who answered my ding-dong told me in clipped British tones that Mrs Stone was out. But that Mr Stone was in – down by the pool in the lower back forty.

I ushered myself through a marble corridor and carpeted hallway. Then I almost broke my nose on the panes of the French doors that led out to the swimming pool, as I ogled my man up to his dick in somebody's ass.

"The mailman," I marveled, noting the discarded letter bag, the insignia on the shucked uniform.

Dean really *didn't* discriminate much, was about as discreet as a dog humping your leg. I shook my head, staring at the buff-bodied movie star slam his equally impressively proportioned dong back and forth in the postman's ass. The government worker was up on his tiptoes, bent over, gripping a white wicker deckchair, taking cock up the male slot and obviously loving it. His head was tilted back and his mouth hung open, black skin shining under the glaring sun, taut body getting shunted to and fro by the force of Dean's urgently pumping prick.

The motion-picture madman was as blazingly naked as his latest partner. He was tanned all over in the Hollywood style, his body smooth and dewy ripe, cock driving a hard bargain as he gripped the black man's waist and reamed with gay abandon.

I popped a door open, stepped out in the milieu, the former Nancy Mill-Valley forgotten for the moment. I was leading with my dick, like the leading man, hard as the riddle to the conundrum that was this case.

"Hey!" Dean called, looking up from watching his cut cock cleanly cleave chute and waving at me.

I shed clothing and inhibition as I advanced. When I reached Dean's wet, willing red lips I was as naked as the pair of man-lovers. Me and the boy-joy kissed, Frenched, my hands riding all over his sculpted torso. He caught my tongue between his teeth and sucked on it, never letting up on churning the groaning guy in front of him.

It was quite the scene. I wondered what that butler made of it – or would try to

make out of it. But then Dean breathed in my open mouth, “Fuck my ass, while I fuck his ass.”

It was an invitation too open-ended to blow off. I crowded in behind the movie star, gripping my pulsating prick now slathered with oil from the bottle on the glass-topped table. He stopped fucking with the postman and reached back and spread his tight little buns, exposing manhole like he was hitting it. His crack was as lusciously smooth as the rest of him. I pushed my hood against his tempting pink pucker, popped all too easily through. This guy had obviously had more back-door action than a dog with a bladder problem.

I sank slick and deep into Dean’s anus. I groaned, he groaned, the mailman delivered a grunt. The train got moving, me humping Dean’s rump, Dean pumping the postie’s posterior.

I grasped the kid’s shoulders and flung my hips back and forth, sawing perverted rectum. Dean was as hot on the inside as he was on the outside, and he could work his sphincter muscles out back like he flexed his acting muscles on-screen. His ass full-out sucked on my thrusting prick.

We shunted faster, our breath chugging, bodies rattling together. The crack of thighs shivering buttocks, the moans and groans of men getting it on, filled the sizzling atmosphere. I slammed Dean for all I was worth, reaming his cornhole. He fucked with equal intensity, thumping up against the man in front. That guy on break had his long, thick dong in his hand, was tugging frantically on it in rhythm to our loco-motion.

“Oh, God!” Dean suddenly gasped, shuddering. He bounced around on the end of my pistoning prong, steaming semen into Mr Postman’s ass.

It was too much for me. I tossed my head back into the sun and let out a roar that cleared the acreage and gave the San Andreas Fault a shake, as the earth moved for all of us. My cock exploded in Dean’s lovely bum, gushed heated, sticky tribute like a teenager. I jerked around, filling the gorgeous man’s chute with my busted lust.

I think the postman came twice, or more, judging from the pool of jizz I saw next to the swimming pool, when I finally disengaged from Dean’s derrière. I left the pair to suck what little seed they had left from each other’s dick in a sweet sixty-nine, as I wandered back into the house to do some exploring, on the case again. An idea was niggling away in the depths of my noggin that I felt might crack things open like a gay man’s heiny.

I located Dean’s bedroom up on the second floor, Nancy’s adjacent to it, suspiciously separate. I spotted a typewriter on a corner stand in her room, sat down at the swivel chair and scrolled in a piece of paper from a pile lying nearby. I only had to type in the sentences: “Who’s been sending Dean notes? I think I know,” to confirm my suspicions. That punctuating period was just a little raised up compared with the dot in the question mark, that particular typewriter key striking a hair higher than it should have.

“So you know?” someone said over my shoulder.

I looked back, at the unsmiling face of Nancy Mill-Valley Stone. “Now I do – for sure,” I answered. “But why?”

She smoothed her comely hands down over her black pencil skirt, loaded a breath into the twin heavy-caliber breasts bulging out her pearl-white blouse. “Because I love Dean, and I’m trying to scare him straight, before he ruins his career and our marriage.”

I looked into her gleaming green eyes, was shocked to discover the truth in their shimmering depths. “Well, lady, I’m here to tell you, it ain’t working.”

She looked at the open window, from which the mewling moans of her husband and the letter chucker could still be heard. “Not so far,” she admitted. “But I’m not giving up hope.”

I hoisted my frame vertical, shook my crankcase. “I guess I’ve seen stranger set-ups in this land of make-believe.”

She looked down at the diamond boulder gracing her left hand. “Are you going to . . . say any—”

“No.” I cut her off. “As long as I get paid for services rendered.”

She smiled up at me, dazzling me with her beauty, almost bending *me* straight.

“Get Dean to bring the money over to my office, will you?” I added with a grin of my own. “He can pay me off there.”

Her smile faded. Cue credits.

COCK-LOVER

Landon Dixon

I'm not gay. I just like cocks – big, beautiful, long, hard, thick cocks to kiss and lick and suck and stroke and stick up my ass and get fucked by. I've got a hard-on for hard-ons. Doesn't mean I'm gay.

My lust affair with dick started when I turned eighteen and moved into the city and started watching porn on a regular basis. It started small, got big. Just like erections.

I'd be sitting in my dorm room watching pornography on my room-mate's computer and I'd find myself focusing more on those faceless, nameless, jutting cocks that were getting tugged and tongued and blown by the busty female porn stars, inserted into their every orifices. They were so huge and hunky, smooth and shiny, strong and powerful – the cocks, that is. They didn't really have faces attached to them, sometimes not even bodies, the women the stars of these sex shows. But not for me, after a while.

I soon wanted to feel those pulsating pieces of manhood, caress them to full inflated erection, suck them to pre-come dripping arousal, experience the wicked sensation of having those massive tubes of throbbing meat shoved whole and hard up my sensitive ass, my chute stuffed and churned until I came out *my* cock.

I'd jerk off to the dicks, all my attention on them, using the women only to gauge their reactions to all that buff beef, vicariously experiencing the joy they were feeling from those awesome, thrusting tools.

My room-mate, Kris, caught me at it one time.

"Studying for your jack-off exam?" he cracked, my fist wrapped around my dong. The guy was back early from his seminar.

I had *Anal Assault XXII* blazing away on the big twenty-one-inch monitor, the scene where cock after magnificent cock was driven deep into the slutty star's gaping pink ass, one after another. My prick was at full mast in my hand, come glistening at its bloated tip. There was no way I could stand down. "Y-yeah!" I gulped. "You caught me, er, red-handed."

He grunted and tossed his textbooks onto his bed, pulled up a chair. "Anal gang-bang, huh? Yeah, that's pretty hot."

And before I even knew what was happening, he'd yanked down his fly and pulled out his cock and started stroking right next to me!

I could hardly believe my good luck; could hardly believe the fully swollen size of my room-mate's dick. I'd snuck some peeks when he'd been in the shower, or changing, or sleeping in bed. But that was always unerect, much to my dismay. Now

he was whole-hard, stretching up and out at least eight inches, tan and clean-cut, hood sculpted elegance. His slender brown hand bobbed up and down, stroking his lovely appendage, as I got my own mitt back into motion, jacking right along.

But while he was grinning and staring at the X-rated action on-screen, I was grinning and staring at his hand-action, watching him caress his massive member. My own cock surged with the excitement of real, bare, beaten meat so close, my polishing hand going damp on my prong.

I had to do something more, somehow seize the opportunity presented me to further explore my encompassing cock-lust. I gulped, growled, "Ever jerk off a buddy while watching this stuff? It's kind of cool. We used to do it all the time at the private high school I went to."

I made it sound like it was no biggie. Unlike his penis. He looked over at me, and I glanced up into his baby-blue eyes. He let go of his cock. "Sure, give it a tug, if you want."

I swallowed my cry of joy. Then I stuck out my left hand, wrapped my long, twitching fingers around his hardened, wrist-thick shaft. Fuck! It was wicked! His cock spasmed in my gripping mitt, and he grunted, thrusting it up higher. My first cock, other than my own, to jack!

I pretended to watch the monitor, shifting my hand slowly up and down Kris's erection. My face and body burned, my own cock in my other hand steeling with exhilaration. I moved my hand faster, pulling on my roomie's prong, reveling in the feel, the pulse, the size. I swirled my fingers up over his cap freestyle, twisting my wrist, really getting into it, jacking the guy with all the tricks I used to jerk myself to maximum orgasm.

"Guess one helping hand deserves another," he commented with a shrug. He reached out his right hand and grasped my dong at the base.

I bucked in my chair. Kris shunted my own hand up and off, stroking me tall and tight with his. As I tugged on his dong.

I bit my lip and sucked air through my nose, ablaze with sensation. The pretty, over-endowed blonde was watching the whore in the porno get fucked up the ass, thoroughly rammed and reamed. I was watching my hand on Kris's cock, polish and pull. Feeling his hand on my cock, tugging me past the point of no return.

I yanked on his dick, fisting in a fury. His cock jumped in my mitt, and he groaned, bucked. Semen burst out the tip of his mammoth, manhandled dong and spurted high up into the air, splashed down onto the floor, blast after beautiful blast. I could feel the orgasmic pump – I was responsible for it, getting another cock off. I yelped and jerked and spouted sperm out of my cock, Kris pulling it up from my balls, steaming along my pipe, and blasting out of my slit in soul-shivering spurts.

We never did it again, never mentioned it again, in fact. Kris picked up a girlfriend in Spanish class and I hardly saw him around the dorm room after that. But I thought of him, the way his cock felt shooting in my stroking hand, every time I jacked off in our bathroom.

My marks, and professors, soon told me my college days were numbered. So, I concentrated all my remaining time, before expulsion, on cocks. Or maybe it was my now overwhelming obsession with pricks that led to my poor grades and lack of concentration on my studies. Either way, the campus was bulging with dong. And I wanted more of it.

Not being gay, I couldn't just come out and come on to guys. But I started hanging around the men's locker and shower room at the athletic complex, that being the spot where men are most built, most underclothed and usually most horny.

I got a membership at the gym and started pumping iron, surreptitiously pumping my prick in the communal shower room, surrounded by brawny beef. And it wasn't long before I was rewarded for all my hard work, and I was taking my next step on the road to full-blown cock worship.

I lingered in the shower one night after a basketball game. And sure enough, the men's varsity team charged in, flush from a victory, in the flesh. I crowded close to the corner wall under the last showerhead in line, covertly watching all those long-limbed, long-donged b-ballers bathe their bodies and equipment. Until I was boning out like never before in the steamy environs, and there were just three boys left with me splashing and horsing around.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The three guys were all tall, dark and handsome and hung, their dangling dongs gleaming, streaming with moisture. I groaned and gripped my hard-on and fisted.

"Hey, this guy's got game!" someone shouted.

I turned around, clenching my jutting erection. The three dudes were looking at me, at my throttling hand, grinning. Then they hefted their own slabs of dripping meat and the one who'd spoken before said, "C'mon over here, sweetness, and let us get in the game."

Their names were Terrance, Clement and Odell. They beckoned at me with their cocks, the ebony pipes rising up in their soft, soapy, swirling hands. I staggered over and instinctively went down to my knees on the slick tile. They crowded around my red head, lifting their dicks up to mouth level.

This was it, something I'd been fantasizing about for months: sucking cock! And there were three of them, each one long and thick and glistening, sporting blue-black bloated caps and vein-ribboned night-shaded shafts. It was almost beyond my wildest dreams.

Terrance pushed his hood up against my lips, his dong looming large in behind. I swallowed dry despite the humid heat, sucked in some air and courage. Then I fulfilled my unstoppable craving for cock, by opening my mouth, letting Terrance slide his tremendous erection inside me.

It was even better than I'd imagined. His meat filled my mouth, bulging my cheeks, throbbing all along my tongue. The musky scent of the man, his balls, those other cocks and balls so close, flooded my dilated nostrils and dizzy head. Shaft stretched out of my mouth as far as the crossed eyes could see. I sealed my lips tight and pushed my head forward, pulled it back, sucking the man's cock.

Terrance grunted and grabbed onto my curly hair, pumping his hips. I sucked on his dong, as he glided it back and forth in my mouth. My lips stretched obscenely, my mind blown. My hand moved up and down on my own slippery cock of its own accord, my senses occupied with the wild sensations of sucking.

Terrance pulled out, leaving me achingly, heartbreakingly empty. Clement plugged in, filling my mouth and soul once again. I dug the fingers of my free hand into one of his muscled thighs, bobbing my head earnestly, urgently, blowing his cock. He was just as delicious and developed as his teammate, as eager to fuck my face. Odell muscled in on the act, pushing Clement aside to stuff my mouth full of his cock.

My own prick was a numb slab of meat in my stroking hand, harder than it's ever been. My head spun, body bathed in hot water and hot sweat, on fire. I sucked Odell's deep-purple cock deep as I could go without gagging, held it there in the cauldron of my mouth, then pulled back with a gush of air and backwash. The guy grunted and gripped my ears, fucked my face. His hood bounced off the back of my throat, penis piling up in my mouth.

They closed ranks around me. I sucked quick and tight on one cock, sacrificing my own cock to grab onto and stroke the other pair of pricks. Then I blew slow and sensuous on another dong, pulling hard with my hands on the unmouthed dicks.

They tried to stuff two cocks inside of me, going hip to hip, prick to prick. Then three. I mouthed two caps, three, stacking them up and cramming my mouth full. There just wasn't room for them all, though, and I damned my Creator for giving me such a small sucking-head hole.

I went back to one at time – blowing; two at a time – jacking.

Terrance was the first to go off, christen my virgin mouth with sperm. He grunted and jerked and slapped the top of my bobbing head, his pipe surging in my sucking mouth, spurting. Hot, salty semen splashed against the back of my throat, filled my mouth. I swallowed, happily, joyously, frantically. Because Odell was already going off in my tugging hand, and I didn't want to miss a drop.

I spat out Terrance's spent hose and plunged Odell's ruptured pipe into my mouth. He creamed me, shooting straight down my throat so I hardly had to swallow at all. He came for what seemed like forever, endlessly. I milked his cock with my mouth and his balls with my hand for every drop of goo he could give me. Then I pulled him out and stuck Clement in.

The guy cried out and came, inspired by his teammates and my teamwork. His cock spasmed and sprayed, filling my mouth with more creamy goodness, again and again and again. I'd tasted my own sperm before, of course, but never another cock's. I couldn't get enough, my lust for dick gone insatiable.

As expected, I was booted out of college by the end of the first term. So, I had to get a job in the real world, find me some dong outside the ivy-clad confines of the ivory tower.

A gay co-worker at the burger joint put me onto a place: the men's restroom at a certain city park. Apparently, it was a gathering place for anonymous sex. I didn't want any part of the gaiety, of course, but I did want to feel a long, hard cock up my ass, fucking me, spunking me. It was the next lustful progression on my passionate path of prick.

My workmate wasn't kidding: the restroom was swarming with horndogs sniffing for a hot, tight hole to call home. I'd just started jacking off at the urinal, when three men swarmed out of the stalls and the guy at the sink hustled over.

"Looking for some action?" he crooned, a slender, silky brunette with gleaming white teeth.

"I'm looking for cock – up the ass," I stated boldly on buckling legs.

He grinned. The men in behind guffawed.

They bent me over a sink and pulled my jeans down. I wasn't wearing any underwear. I felt the brunette's hand touch lightly down on my left buttock, his fingers swirl over my skin, saw him greasing his nine-inch flesh-pole in the mirror using his other hand.

Holy shit! I thought, this is really happening. I'm going to get that huge prick shoved up my ass, get my anus churned, my bowels splashed with semen.

"God, bring it on!" I cried out loud, gripping the sink so hard my fingers almost turned porcelain.

I was so keyed up I barely felt the guy lube my crack, my pucker. But then I did feel something, for the first time ever: a cockhead squishing up against my virgin starfish. I clung to the sink, shaking all over.

The heat built, the tension towering upward, that soft, meaty cockhead pushing for entry. Then it popped through, into my anus! I groaned, dizzy with feeling. The guy rotated his hood all around my ass-ring, breaking me in. Then he thrust forward, sending shaft shooting into my tunnel, busting my anal cherry in a rush.

It was fantastic! A strange, ultra-erotic, stuffed-full, bloated sensation that wiped my mind clean, left me gasping, my body brimming, impaled on the end of a cock. I felt shaven balls press against my quivering buttocks, and I knew I'd never be the same man again.

The guy pistoned my ass, blazing a red-hot anal trail for the other three men. Dick after dick after dick split my cheeks and plunged my rump, pumped back and forth, in and out. I burned with an almost surreal heat, up on my toes and craning my bugged-out eyes in the mirror to try to see those beautiful black and brown and tan and pink cocks pounding into my rectum. I swelled with sensation and semen.

"Can you take two at once, baby?" the brunette hissed in my ear, rocking me with his cock.

"I can take any amount of prong you can give me!" I rasped back, reveling in the ramming of his cock far up my ass.

One of the guys lay down on his back on the tiled floor, and I stretched out on top of him, on my back. He shoved his dark cap into my stretched ring, thrust up the rest of his gleaming black shaft into my hot-pink butt tunnel.

I groaned, watching the brunette grip his handsome hammer and crouch down, felt him squeeze his shiny hood into my asshole, alongside of the other man's cock. He got the bulb in, stuffed more cock in. It felt like I was being torn in two; it felt wicked! The guy slowly submerged his entire shaft in my bloated bum, and I had two cocks lodged up my ass.

They pumped, fucking my butt together with their sliding pricks, as the other two men kneeled down at my head and fed their dicks into my gaping mouth.

It was too wild to last. The black man bucked under me, sprayed sizzling semen against my bowels. Quickly followed by the brunette, bathing my anus with more sperm. I shuddered with delight, swallowing spurting, superheated come at the other end from a pair of equally spasming cocks, drinking it down.

Cocks. They're all I think about. Those powerful, pulsating, penetrating groin-appendages that look so lovely up close, feel so wonderful in the mouth and the hand and up the ass.

I'm not gay. I just love penises, can't get enough of them. If women were so blessed, I'd be on them in a second, too. But since they aren't, I'm stuck with the guys. Stuck like a cock-happy pig.

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